Corp 934/10

A New Ballad of

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

To the Tune of *The King and Lord Abbot.* With Allowance.

I'Ll tell you a Story, a Story anon,
Of a noble Prince, and his Name was King *John*,
For he was a Prince, and a Prince of great might,
He held up great wrongs, & he put down great right,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I'll tell you a Story, a Story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of *Canterbury*,
And of his House-keeping and high Renown,
Which made him repair to fair *London* Town:
Derry down, &c.

How now Brother Abbot! 'tis told unto me,
That thou keepest a far better House than I,
And for thy House-keeping and High Renown,
I hear thou hast Treason against my Crown:
Derry down, &c.

I hope my Liege that you owe me no grudge,
For spending of my true gotten Goods:
If thou dost not answer me Questions Three,
Thy head shall be taken from thy Body:
Derry down, &c.

When I am set on my Steed so high,
With my Crown of Gold upon my head,
Amongst all my Nobility with joy and much mirth,
Thou must tell me to one Penny what I am worth:
Derry down, &c.

And the next question you must not flout,
How long I shall be riding the World about:
And the Third Question thou must not shrink,
But tell to me truly what I do think:
Derry down, &c.

O These are hard Questions for my shallow Wit,
For I cannot answer your Grace as yet,
But if you will give me but Three Days space,
I will do my endevour to answer your Grace:
Derry, down, &c.

O Three Days space I will thee give,
For that is the longest Day thou hast to live,
And if thou dost not answer these Questions right,
Thy head shall be taken from thy Body quite:
Derry down, &c.

And as the Sheepherd was going to his Fold,
He spy'd the old Abbot came riding along,
How now Master Abbot! you're welcome home:
What News have you brought from good K. *John*?
Derry down, &c.

Sad News, sad News, I have thee to give,
For I have but three Days space for to live,
If I do not answer him Questions Three,
My head will be taken from my Body:
Derry down, &c.

When he is set on his Steed so high,
With his Crown of Gold upon his head,
Amongst all his Nobility with joy and much mirth,
I must tell him to one Penny what he is worth:
Derry down, &c.

And the next Question I must not flout,
How long he shall be riding the World about.
And the Third Question I must not shrink,
But tell to him truly what he do's think:
Derry down, &c.

O Master, did you never hear it yet,
That a Fool may learn a wise Man Wit;
Lend me but your Horse and your Apparel,
I'll ride to fair *London* and answer the Quarrel:
Derry down, &c.

Now I am set on my Steed so high,
With my Crown of Gold upon my head,
Amongst all my Nobility with joy and much mirth,
Now tell me to one Penny what I am worth:
Derry down, &c.

For Thirty Pence our Saviour was sold,
Amongst the false Jews as you have been told,
And Nine and Twenty's the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one Penny worser than he
Derry down, &c.

And the next Question thou mayest not flout,
How long I shall be riding the World about:
You must rise with the Sun, and ride with them
Until the next Morning he rises again:
And then I am sure you'll make no doubt,
But in Twenty Four Hours you'll ride it about:
Derry down, &c.

And the Third Question thou must not shrink,
But tell to me truly what I do think;
All that I can do, and 'twill make your Heart merry,
For you think I'm the Abbot of *Canterbury*:
But I'm his poor Sheperd, as you may see,
And am come to beg Pardon for he and for me.
Derry down, &c.

The King he turn'd him about and did smile,
Saying, Thou shalt be Abbot the other while;
O no my Grace, there is no such need,
For I can neither Write nor Read.
Derry down, &c.

Then Four Pounds a Week will I give unto thee,
For this merry true Jest thou hast told unto me;
And tell the old Abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a Pardon from good K. *John*.
Derry down, &c.

FINIS.

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